940d hym 1851

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To be your or the

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

LATIN LYRICS.

Chruston Memorial Prize.
WINTER SPEECHES.
1851.

L'Addison, Joseph

## ADDISON'S HYMN.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys; Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth The gratitude declare, That glows within my ravish'd heart? But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd, And all my wants redrest, When in the silent womb I lay, And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

940d -hym 1851

# IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

TE Creatorem, Genitor, Tuæque Mens inexpletum meditata dextræ Dona, nequicquam stupet insolenti Concita motu.

Quæ Tibi voces satis adfluentes Promerent laudem meritam, sub alto Corde flagrantem, nisi Tu vel intus Omnia nosses?

Provida infantem Tua sublevabant Numina, et fotum gremio benignâ Mente curâsti, vel adhuc latentem Matris in alvo.

Ante quam mutæ didicere voces Exprimi blandâ prece, Tu secundam Leniter mæstis, Pater, annuisti Questibus aurem.

Munerum dotes animo ter amplas Cura felici dedit alma, necdum Conscio quisnam fuerit bonorum Providus auctor.

Me parum cautis temere insequentem Passibus cursum indocilis juventæ, Dextra ad ætatem bene certa duxit Usque virilem,

# M367513

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night Divide thy works no more, My ever-grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee A joyful song I'll raise, For, oh! eternity's too short To utter all thy praise.

Sive lucentem pedibus parâsti Tramitem cæcæ per acuta mortis, Seu per obstantes laqueos, vagæque Retia fraudis.

Tu laborantem macie genarum
Flore formoso recreas, et arctis
Spem mihi vinclis scelerum illigato,
Alme! dedisti.

Munerum dives Tua sat superque
Dextra abundantem pateram coronat,
Insuper gazas cumulans amico
Fausta fideli.

Mille donorum mihi ter quaterque Promovent gratam sine fine laudem, et Quo nihil majus, Tua posse lætum Sumere dona.

Sæculum vitæ meritis per omne Prosequar curam numeris benignam; Te per amotos, fugiente vitâ, Prosequar orbes.

Tum simul noctes, vice cum diurnâ, Desinent notos statuisse fines, Vota persolvam pia, Te, Tuumque Numen adorans.

Te, Deus! versu recinam canoro, Te per annorum seriem perennem, Sæcla si possint Tibi sempiterna Dicere laudes.

## HYMNUS. AD CREATOREM.

TE, Deus, multâ prece mens, Tuumque Prosequens numen stupet, atque miro Turbidum visu trepidans, potentem Laudat, amatque.

Unde vox adsit mihi digna grati Cordis occultos aperire fontes? Tu tamen, Tu scis animos, meumque Noscis amorem.

Providus vitam mihi Tu dedisti, Sive me includens uterus tenebat, Sive pendentem gremio benignus Respicis Auctor.

Fletibus primum, Pater, annuisti, Ante quam sanctas didicisset artes Mens, quibus sciret minus impotentem Fingere questum.

Tu salutem,—et, si puero quid olim Adfuit grati, Tua cura fudit, Nescium quamvis fugeret beati Fontis origo.

Mox ubi incertis pedibus juventæ Semitas fidens nimium premebam, Cæca firmavit, titubante gressu, Dextera plantam; Illa per luctus, et amara vitæ Expedit captum laqueis dolosis, Prava quos offert metui Voluptas Dignior illis.

Sæpe confecto macie supremâ
Reddidit notos inopina vultus
Gratia, et luctu vitiisque mersum
Alma refecit.

Gaudiis longum mea, Te ministro,
Plena jam spumat patera; atque dextra
Duplicat gazas, mihi quæ fidelem
Præstet amicum.

Mille Tu donis, pretiosus emptor, Postulas laudem, et, potiora cunctis, Integrum donas animum, fruique Posse paratis.

Cantibus queis Te juvenis solebam Prosequor tandem senior, nec unquam Ipsa mors obstans prohibebit altum Tollere carmen.

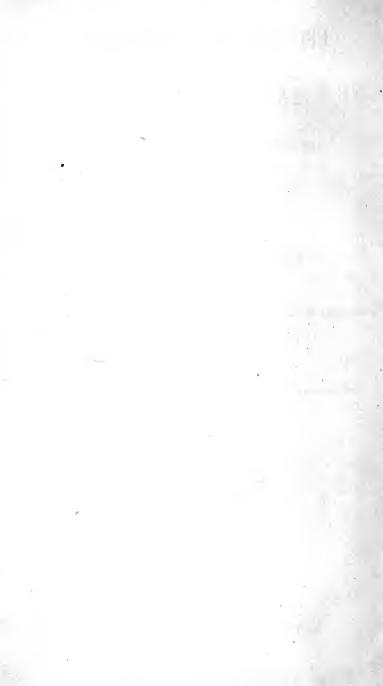
Concidet mundus; tenebræ diesque Desinent horis posuisse metas; Desinet nunquam Tibi cor perennes Reddere honores.

Ergo in æternum meritas referre Sit mihi grates, mihi namque vitæ Cursus æternæ brevior volenti Dicere laudes.

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